A new SONG,

CALLED

THE

Happy PAIR.

IT was on Summer's Morning I walk'd to take the Air,
There did I hear a Voice to say, O stay awhile my Dear;
It was of a Female Voice I stood to hear awhile,
Dont you remember the Vows you made before you did me beguile.

Dont you remember the Vows you made, for which you are to blame,
Since you have taken such Regard, you've made me your constant Game;
Dont you wish you had been the Little Horse, bound for Peace or War,
Did not you wish you might been slain, if you proved false to your Dear.

Did not you wish the great Judgments above,
Or the Heavens on you to fall,
Certainly would carry you away, if ever you slighted me at all;
I will sit me down and cry to think what I have done,
To think I should believe such a false Man, when I was a Girl so young.

Young Stapling standing by, and hearing her complain,
He said my dear, dry up your Tears, for I'll never you disdain;
To the Church now let us go, and join the marriage Ware,
And for to let you into the Light, we join as the Happy Pair.